THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1804. N°. 8.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

" Now enters overweening pride,
And scandal ever gaping wide;
And vanity with pocket-glass,
And impudence with front of brass;
And studied affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame."——

SWIFT.

My dear Easy,

The flattering picture you have drawn of your friend, and which you have held up to the public with all the execution of a master, would have called for an earlier acknowledgment had I conceived it to be a correct resemblance of the original: but you have added such glowing colours, to such captivating symmetry, that while the world admits your nice composition of the pleasing proportion of nature, it can never suspect the humble character whom your partiality has described.—Our early and undeviating intimacy alone can account for your good opinion, and it is an assimilation of sentiment that now induces me to appear in your paper, and imitate your example by endeavouring to excite a taste for improvement.

A military life is perhaps one of the best introductions to genteel society, and it being my fate to adopt it as a profession, the calls of actual service have not lately so far interfered with my peaceable avocations, as to preclude me from an equal participation of the enjoyments of company.—Indeed I have been so long accustomed to the effeminate habits of modern beaus, and the romantic strain of fashionable belles, that I have lost the asperities of the soldier, and can now lisp a compliment, or breathe away a sigh, with as good an emphasis as the most accomplished of my associates. I shall therefore be excused by the gentlemen in the course of my strictures, if they recollect that I have the candour to declare myself in some degree participating their frivolities, and as for the ladies, they possess such a stoical fund of good nature, that they will only smile at a general exposition of their foibles, while each one can screen herself from imputation by passing it to her neighbour.

I shall now then address my remarks to those gentlemen, who have an exclusive privilege of being considered little more than the gaudy appendages of fashion, and who regard intellectual endowment as a certain bar to the easy and insipid monotony of their lives.

The first thought that rushes on the mind of a *Fribble*, after sleeping away the best part of a morning, is not to thank heaven for sparing him one day longer in the routine of idleness and folly, but how to adjust the graces of his person, and insure the success of imaginary conquest:—full of the idea, he leaps in an instant to his toilet, and straddling before the glass with all the studied attitudes he means to display in the course of his subsequent exhibition. —The hair is negligently rubbed up with his fingers, instead of a comb, to resemble the head of Brutus, whom he perhaps never heard of till mentioned by his hairdresser; the tooth-brush is next applied to the sooty funnel of the chimney which furnishes a substitute for more extravagant dentifrice; and when the true arch is given to the ruffle of his shirt, ramming his fists into his breeches pockets, he struts down to the breakfast table with the same air he would into Ranelagh or the Thuilleries. The tea is no sooner poured out, than the affable talents of this modern gallant are immediately displayed. In a querulous voice he begs a little more sugar to his cup, and if even his sister should help him, he is so engaged in the study of compliment, that he bows his head, and casting up his eyes, conveys her a silent kiss from the very end of his finger. If the newspaper be handed to him, he first looks for a duelling paragraph, not that he likes fighting, but because he detests the lengthy and partial accounts of mercenary compilers. After perusing the advertisements, and ascertaining where the most admired finery may be

purchased, he ushers forth to make his bargain, trusting for his political information to those whom he may accidentally meet with in the course of his lounge. Revolving in his mind the various and contradictory reports of the morning, he is able with the assistance of a glass of wine, and his self-sufficiency after dinner, to tire his company, not only with a repetition of what they all know, but with his ignorance of those very countries that form the subject of his remarks. Mistaking the polite silence of his guests for an unqualified admiration of his talents, he is elated with the presumptuous prospect of giving equal entertainment to the ladies, among whom his impudence or their politeness may unfortunately lead him for the remainder of the evening. No sooner do the eyes of the gay circle announce his arrival, and the whisper of derision is circulated from one to another, than self-love assures him it must be the confidential communication of irresistible partiality. Encouraged by the delusion, he experiences half a dozen apologies before he can meet with a partner who will condescend to join him in the dance; but his vanity being proof against the shock of mortification, neither the rapidity of his steps, nor the grimace of his features, are in the least composed by what he considers rather the effect of accident, than design. If however, a suspension of his favourite exercise should ensue, and rational conversation be proposed, he feels no interest in the change, and tripping from the room without paying the smallest respect to those who honoured him with attention, he swaggers to a tavern, and meeting a fellow coxcomb, mysteriously insinuates to him an intrigue, of which he believes as little as the false hero of his own romance.

It may perhaps be imagined by some of your readers who profess christian charity for this species of mankind, that my description is exaggerated by a natural propensity for satire, or the hope of acquiring a reputation for talents; but as it is also possible that ill nature and ignorance may be leagued in such a conclusion, I shall entreat them not to draw any unfair inference against the writer, lest the public be convinced by the lively interest they express for the disgrace of others, that their own consciences are tremblingly alive to the fear of correction.

Let me now return to the fair circle which our fopling has just left, and on my own confession enjoy for once a little scandal, which is not inseparable even from the best and loveliest of the works of Heaven. As it is common for the easy and undisguised affability of the sex to invite familiar and candid enquiry, it seldom happens, that the sweetness of their temper is discomposed by an exposition of truth, although some of their companions should be sufferers by the disclosure. "What think you, Frankly," said Rosa, whispering to me behind her fan, and glancing her eye at Chloris, who sat not very far from us, "tell me, oh pray, Captain, tell me what you think of her?" Thrown off my guard by such sweet and pressing persuasion, I candidly told her all I thought—and as I have no objection that the world should be informed of the whole of our conversation, you are at liberty to publish it. Think, said I? why your very question assures me we cannot differ in opinion. Oh! Rosa, if the qualities of the mind and heart were as happily blended in others, as they are in you, man would at once be subdued by the irresistible attractions of the sex, and forever restrained from censure, by thinking only of their perfection. But it is unfortunately otherwise, and Chloris proves that beauty may disgust, and even the name of woman forfeit its claim to respect. The natural grace and charms of her person are so tortured by affectaation, that her attempt to please, destroys the very pleasure she wishes to inspire, and instead of exciting the admiration she confidently looks for, she is not unfrequently mortified to observe that flattery is backward in its tribute, and oftner bestowed on another than herself. Vain of her volubility, which she mistakes for talents, her conversation is frequently rendered unintelligible by the rhapsody of sentiment collected from romances, and injudiciously woven with her discourse. Thinking herself qualified to engage indiscriminately in studies which are far beyond her capacity, she endeavours to establish a reputation for literary acquirements, before she is well able to digest the simple details of a novel. Trusting to her own judgment for the selection of her library; Watson's Elements, Mary Wolstoncraft, Thomas Little, and many others equally incongruous are bought, either to bewilder the understanding, or corrupt the heart—The ill-grounded, but confident opinion of her own superiority, while it attracts the contempt of her female companions, finds a ready excuse in its assumed independence, and affects to despise their neglect for the exclusive enjoyment of the society of men. Prepared as she imagines for double conquest, should she fail to inspire respect for her mental accomplishments, which is by no means improbable, she instantly summonses to her aid all the blandishments of insinuation and art; coldly calculating by the studied proficiency she has made in her analysis of the passions and frailties of the human breast, that man is not callous at least to beauty, and may be made the wretched victim of his own sensibility. Every look, every action, every attention, which she has so often practised to ensure the do-

minion of her charms, are all acted over again, and when she has secured the blind devotion of her captive, she rejects him with a malicious triumph, but condescends at last to enroll him on the list of her discarded lovers. Here I was checked in the very height of my declamation, by perceiving that my sweet little listener began to tremble like an aspin leaf; and on enquiring the cause of her alarm—"Oh, dear Captain," said she, "you quite terrify me by your description. For pity's sake do not think so unkindly of my sex, indeed—indeed you must not treat her so!" A tear of sweet compassion instantly trembled in her eye, and my tongue would have articulated—lovely woman! but tender sympathy drowned the words, while Rosa marked their meaning in my eye!

You may suppose, my dear Easy, that I felt a temporary compunction for having suffered my candour to betray the least sentiment unfavourable to any of the sex, however justly I might have felt myself acquitted by a conviction of her errors. Althongh my profession induces me to consider gallantry an unequivocal passport to favour, there is one principle of the heart that I could never yet sacrifice at the shrine of adulation, and that is—*sincerity*. If my representation of Chloris, should unfortunately for my repose, be ascribed to one for whom it was not intended, I shall ever regret the distress which unintentional injury may inflict on suffering innocence. Smile not at this penitential apology, for though as a writer I am bound to correct the faults of society, and apply the sting of satire when it is provoked, I am not bound to inflict it unjustly, or perpetuate the wound.

As it is the province of the satyrist to censure, so it is likewise his policy to console; and I feel peculiarly happy in being able to conclude my letter by assuring you, that there are few cities of the size of Baltimore, where there may not be found *as many Fribbles, and some few who would answer the description of Chloris.*

FRANKLY.

To Eliza.

On receiving yours my sensations were beyond the power of description—I have read it over a thousand times. —In the first moments of disappointed love I abandoned myself to the blackest despair, resolving to suffer in silence rather than increase the pain I knew you would feel on reflecting you were the cause of the misery of one to whom you could only administer happiness, but with the sacrifice of your own—and altho' I could no longer indulge a hope of calling you mine, yet such are the immutable, tender sentiments your charms have inspired, that I would rather suffer all the complications of torture than disturb for one moment the peace of your breast.

By the mysterious organisation of the human mind the most violent grief will oft bring to itself some alleviation. —After my first emotions had subsided—I recurred to your letter—read it over and over again—and reflected on it's contents, and tho' alas! its language is too decissive—I endeavoured to give it a different import—and supposed motives for your conduct which my unfeigned devotion to you might remove—and when I would bring before my views the many moments of rapture I have spent in your company—when I would connect your letter with some little hope-inspiring incidents perhaps only the fantasies of my delusive passion, like the fevered patient eagerly looking for the cheering morn I would persuade myself I saw some faint dawning in the shades of night itself.

These distracting reflections have induced me once more to address you on a subject which is nearest my heart.—— In matters of such serious importance as that of chusing an associate thro' life, in prosperity and adversity, I have always thought there should be the greatest candour, and that there should be between the parties the most perfect knowledge of each other. But this is so seldom the case, that an overweening anxiety to veil our faults and display whatever we think will recommend us, is generally expected, and in forming an opinion of us, your sex allowing for false colouring, derogate so much from our merits when we act under these sentiments.——This is but a poor return for that ingenuous conduct I know you highly value—for I am confident you will agree with me that he is unworthy of success, who endeavours by any means whatsoever to deceive in the sacred relation of a lover.

So scrupulous have I been in this particular, (believe me the more readily because I seldom make declarations,) that I have sometimes I am afraid run into the opposite extreme lest you might suppose me to practise guile —But you will say these are hollow declarations, and in so important a decision my deportment alone should be your guide— disbelieve me—call me vain, artful, designing.—But do not form an opinion of me from one act of my life—do vouchsafe to compare every part of my conduct with the context, and the context such as it may present itself to you with the opinion of those who from long intamacy —when under no restraint; may with less discernment than yourself, have formed a more correct judgement.

If you doubt the sincerity of my professions, test them by every expedient your ingenuity can inflict—make the severest trials of me, and you but increase my passion.— For dear as I love you—as essensial as I feel you to be to

my happiness, I could never consent to make you mine before I gained your heart—how then could I wish *you* to accept *my* professions without being first assured of their sincerity?

But where will my passion lead me? Perhaps while the dear object, shall I say, of my misplaced love, will read these lines, she will be disgusted with my arrogant vanity and in stead of the throbbing pulse of sympathy she will feel the indignant glow of insulted pride—Perhaps that heavenly countenance which was wont to diffuse cheerfulness and happiness to all around, when next I see her will with studied gravity for ever crush my faint remaining hopes just immerged from despair? When these foreboding reflections cross my mind I am ready to destroy what I have written and resolve for ever to dispel the pleasing dream of attaining you.

But my passion which is now the ruling principle of my soul, in defiance of every consideration—of supersilious scorns which I dread next to the tortures of the damned,—impels me to solicit from you a further and clearer explanation.

I therefore request you will speedily inform me whether I must for ever renounce the hope, without which in the present state of my mind, my future life appears a dreary waste—widowed of every joy—the hope of one day calling the most engaging of women mine.—

If a passion which has been enkindled in my breast by your personal attractions alone—not the offspring of the giddy moment, but the gradual growth of years—if a perfect willingness to indulge any trials for the test of its sincerity—if an anxious desire consistently with a manly sense of self respect, in every particular, to conform to your will,—if an ardent unabating wish to promote your happiness—if these be qualities which could *now* have any influence, be assured I possess them—and if one who feels subdued and humbled by the power of your charms, and who yeilds to their dominion without any reserve, confident you will never debase a lover to exalt him a husband—if for such a one there is yet one ray of hope, only condescend to impart it and my soul reanimated will catch the glad moment of proving the truth of my vows.

"Yours forbids me the liberty and I have refrained throughout my letter; but pardon what my lips, dwelling on the sweet sound as long as possible often pronounce with the most impassioned emphasis—pardon me in concluding perhaps the last letter you will ever permit me to write to you. Oh pardon me the liberty of once more calling you "*my dearest.*"

CONSTANTIUS.

DESULTORY SKETCHES

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF AN OLD BATCHELOR.

REASON and INSTINCT——Shall we not see man blush to find himself referred to the brute creation for instruction in the most essential duties of his nature!—We pride ourselves on superiority of sentiment—We draw the sword of reason from its scabbard with ostentatious pride, and expose it under such a light as favours all its radiance. These are advantages which *instinct*, sufficient for all useful purposes, gives not to the brutes. The brute possesses the rough gem; he wears it as it comes forth from the mine, enveloped in its crust; but let us examine it, and we shall find it wants only the artist's hand to clean and cut it, to discover all its beauties. Man, vain as he is of his reason, knows full well that its beauties are not more bright than delicate; the least accident, the breath, the touch of a finger, dims its lustre. One would be glad to know then on what foundation it is, that man treats the faculties of brutes with this high contempt; faculties which, if less glaring, are at least less liable to error than his own.

Nature, impartial and uniform, has established an original law, comprehending every animal and engraven on every heart. The lion, the tyger, and the subtle fox, are strangers to every other law, and with this they punctually comply, whilst man has *reasoned* upon the text, till he is no longer capable of reading it.

Without chicane on the terms *instinct* and *reason*, I am content to grant the preference to the latter, notwithstanding the former continually affords such admirable lessons to reason. Reason may be more sure it its notions, but can it be allowed to be so constant, so simple, in its operations?

——To the school of nature let us resort—her doctrines are not reducible to empty sounds, but are strong with proofs and with examples. Instead of imposing on you by delusive sophisms, you are convinced by simple realities. Open your eyes then, and see; seeing, consider; and considering, amend.

The lioness, the most carnivorous of the brute creation, having brought forth her young in a den which she had carefully chosen to secure them from the weather, does not imagine that after their birth her concern with them is at an end—far from leaving them to the care of a stranger, she herself supplies their necessities; no sooner are they capable of eating, than she scours the wilds to procure them food; she accounts not to have discharged her duty to them, till the strength and ferocity of the young lions shew that they can live without her protection.

The linnet, the most fickle of the feathered kind, giddy to a proverb, seems at the approach of spring to lay aside her distinguishing character—with what skill and assiduity does she employ herself about her nest? the neatness, the strength, and convenience of which are admirably calculated for all its purposes. The winds roar, houses are laid in ruins, the earth shakes with impetuous storms; whilst the little nest, suspended at the extremity of a branch, is fixed to it by such a mechanism that nothing can hurt it. What a wonderful exactness of proportion in a simple bird!—the laying-time is come, and she patiently sits upon her eggs. Throughout all nature, the female's domestic care is relieved by the tenderness and industry of the mate, and now the linnet's mate with industrious solicitude procures her nourishment. * *
Do the young begin to eat? Behold the dexterity in feeding them; no freak, no partiality is observable in her; all equally her brood, they equally partake her indulgence, and she humours them, as they are the fruits of her love. —Now they are fledged, see how the delighted sprightly mother flutters before them, intimating to them boldly to take wing, and follow her through the liquid air; and what cannot examples do? After a few trials they take their parting flight, and look out for themselves. Cruel mothers, judge of *your* conduct by the lioness and the linnet— * * * * * *
These examples are too remote; let us approach now nearer home——In the same seat, and at the same time, the operations of nature are seen alike in their causes, though, through depravity, extremely different in their consequences. *Spot* has brought forth her puppies in a lodge; and the beautiful *Elvira*, in her apartment, has given birth to the heir of the name and estate of the family. *Spot* in her lodge, mindful of her young, at the least noise is upon the look-out; being a favourite of her master, she is not put to the trouble of fetching food, but her meat is laid by the door, for should even her feeder offer to come a step nearer, he would surely see if not feel her teeth; so shy and wild is this creature, who a few days before was all play and fondness.———Now let us pass to the other event, doubtless the most interesting and curious, but its consequences the most unnatural and the most blameable: Follow me into Elvira's apartment; hush, tread softly, let not the floor feel your feet, this chamber is not to be entered without a kind of veneration, it is the temple of Silence and Rest; *even women* here never speak, but under an absolute necessity; then surely *a man* ought not to move a lip. If curiosity to have a sight of the newborn heir has brought you hither, let us make towards the chimney, it is certainly in that bed of state the dear infant lies.—What do you mean by drawing back the curtains? Oh! simple man! you thought to see the baby in its mother's arms—What! do you imagine yourself in some cottage? Must you be taught that some ladies are not sensible of their being mothers only while they are *pregnant?* Is the fruit of Elvira's love thus already denied a place in her bed? What more could be done, were it the offspring of her hatred? But so tender a point is only to be glanced at, be it left to the reflection of the parties. * *
The beautiful Elvira shews no consciousness of her being a mother; the babe, without the least concern, she has delivered up to a nurse, and now leaving her apartment, where she has been indolently stretched for weeks upon the softest down, she has the pleasure, and is not a little elate with it, to see in her glass that her face has received no damage, not a feature is enlarged, nor the admired youthful look in the least dimmed. The sparkling eye, the lillies and roses, the pride of her heart, retain all their beauty; with conscious pride she congratulates herself, her heart leaps with the idea of making her appearance at the *loo-parties* without the odious compliments or the spiteful sneers at her being altered.

To the Editor of the Companion.

To-morrow shall the traveller come; he that saw me in my beauty shall come; his eyes shall search the field; but they will not find me.
OSSIAN.

Sir,

Presuming, that emulating your predecessor, the Spectator, in his admirable essays for the good and amusement of society, your intention is, occasionally to furnish or admit papers on a plan similar to most of his Saturday ones, which were devoted to grave or serious subjects; I have taken the liberty to submit a few remarks derived immediately from the above beautiful and expressive quotation: a passage extensive and universal in its application to us all; but which may be considered more particularly interesting as relating to unfortunate and premature dissolution.

There is scarcely any sight more affecting than that of the youth, whose budding honours and promising qualifications, were just beginning to dawn upon the expectations and hopes of parents and friends; extended a lifeless form by the vindictive mandates of relentless and false honour. But the victim of so barbarous and sanguinary a custom does not excite such powerful sympathy as the pallid cheek and hollow eye of the declining fair one, whose blooming charms and enlivening vivacity struck joy

and pleasure into the hearts of all who approached her but a little while ago.

In applying my motto to a case like this, the most heart-felt emotions and tender melancholy must overwhelm any but those whose callous hearts are unsusceptable of feeling. Surrounded by those who are endeared by every tie; possessing all the enjoyments that external circumstances, improved by a capacity of using them for the most beneficial and improving purposes, can afford—the delight of all—the enemy of none; suffering not a moment's suspicion to disturb their peace, or interrupt the tide of enjoyment. ——Suddenly, alas! is the picture reversed; the scene is changed; and the traveller searches the field in vain.

The tender emotions we feel for these afflicted sufferers, may in some degree be aleviated by the reflection that in most, whilst life lasts, hope flourishes.—Few add to their gloomy situation by unavailing fears, or awful contemplations—but there are instances of some who calmly beheld their destiny, and by their communication of their anticipation, rendered their situation as affecting as we can well conceive.

West, the bosom friend of Gray, and darling of the muses, at a very early age, fell a sacrifice to a pulminory complaint.—He has in a few lines improved upon the idea expressed in one of Pope's letters, and in making the application to himself, calls forth our keenest sympathy, blended with admiration at his fortitude and virtue.

"At me the pow'r, that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land:
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.
Just Heaven! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet, just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the morning spray?
Stern pow'r of fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies,
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below.
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks untimely, in the whirling tide.
I care not: tho' this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear."

That these remarks may not be considered as altogether desultory, and without application, I must observe that these premature decays, are often in the power of the sufferers to avoid.—Heaven, though unaccountable often in its distribution of justice, of good and evil, does not always cause these examples of early mortality. In most cases, as applied to both instances, the fault is in themselves.—More rigid notions of true honour and a better controul over passions, would prevent the former—more attention to health and comfort (I will not say to propriety) and less to fashion, will render the latter less frequent. When we look around us in our publick places of amusement and nightly parties of association, and perceive, whilst we are shivering even by the fire-side, the many naked arms and bare necks of thin dressed females who are there, we cannot help dreading to behold these lamentable instances of affliction become still more frequent.

Passing from this most interesting part of the subject, it may not be amiss to consider it a little, upon a more universal scale.—There is no truth of which we are more satisfied, than that the same destiny awaits us all, at a period of which we are perfectly ignorant, and yet we continue to act as if we disbelieved it.—The votaries of business or pleasure, ambition or wealth, fame or villany, are actively prosecuting and extending their plans and views.—To attain their objects they toil or idle away their time, sacrifice peace, quiet, and often honour; a drudge forever at some unenjoyed pastime—It is all for something they may never want; for the traveller who lately saw them in full possession of the wealth their unremitting exertions have produced, shall come to-morrow; his eyes shall search the field; but will not find them.—The wealth amassed with so much expense of care and labour; the thoughtless heir scatters with the wildest profusion—the political ascendancy this one has acquired by prostituting

every noble and generous principle, now serves as a rallying point of the most vindictive and rancorous abuse.—In short, could they return once more to the scenes of life, their future conduct would all tend to employment, and enjoyment sufficient for the purposes of happiness; and would bear constant relation to a time of deprivation when worldly acquirements are acknowledged to be useless and futile.

Could we but consider the matter in this point of view—did we constantly look for the time when the Traveller shall miss us in his journey, we would not suffer our preparations for the future, or true enjoyment of the present, to be interrupted and disturbed by any of those vile passions and desires that have deformed this "goodly promontory," and rendered it an abode of misery and wretchedness. BENEVOLUS.

The temperate zone of moderate fortune, equally removed from high and low life, is most favourable for the permanence of friendship.

On Mr. Pye the laureat's first appearance in the literary world, he was cruelly cut up by the critics. This being once the subject of conversation at a house in the neighbourhood of his seat in Berkshire, which was then undergoing some repairs, a gentleman who was present remarked, that "whatever he might be when he first began to write, his style was very much mended now."—"You are very right, Sir, (said a farmer who was present), his stile is very well mended, the carpenters were at work upon it all yesterday."

ENGLISH BULLS.

Some years ago, the mayor of a capital English city published a proclamation and advertisement, previous to the races, "that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the coarse, *but the horses* that are to run."

A baronet, formerly well known in parliament, proposed that certain regulations should take place—"*on every Monday (Tuesday excepted.)*"

A wise annotator on the Pentateuch, named PETER HARRISON, has observed of Moses's two *tables of stone* that they were made of *shittim wood*.

Some years ago appeared in the English papers an advertisement, which much resembles our notion of an Irish bull, in these words, which are the title to the advertisement—"Every *man* his own washer-woman!"

In Suffolk there is a post placed in the middle of a stream, with these lines legibly painted on it:—*When the water is above the top of the post, it is dangerous to cross.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter without a signature, advocating the cause of loo and loo-players. It is evidently written by a female hand, but the sentiments it contains could never have been dictated by a *Lady's* head or heart. The coarseness of the style, the illiberal and *personal* malice it displays, are sad proofs of the degrading effects of the vile passion of gambling.

This person says that "if she loses ten or fifteen dollars "a night, her husband can support her in it; which seldom "occurs: besides she makes up for them by her winnings." and she goes on to say, "for in truth, MR. EASY, my "winnings at loo the last season have been equal to the "amount of all my milliner's bills against me and my "daughter, who will make a most splendid *first appear-* "*ance* at the assemblies this winter." If her husband can support her in the loss of from ten to fifteen dollars a night, it is another sad instance of the foolish and wicked misapplication of wealth: with such sums she might be *eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. The blessing of him that was ready to perish might come upon her*, and she might *cause the widow's heart to sing with joy*. But if she wins enough in a season to pay the milliner's account against herself and daughter; though she may be very proud, yet we cannot think that spirit is very elevated which can stoop to such mean resources, that would pay for extravagant and useless finery with the money of those who, perhaps, could ill afford to lose it, at the same time she is boasting that her own superfluous wealth is sufficient to let her throw away from ten to fifteen dollars a night.

This letter contains some very ill-natured and spiteful sentences against a young lady who is erroneously supposed to have been the author of a piece in our last, signed BIDDY FIDGET. We seriously declare, the young lady alluded to never wrote any thing for the COMPANION to our knowledge, and we are *sure* she did not write that.

The respect we have for the amiable part of the *sex*, forbids us to publish any more of this extraordinary letter, but if (as we are threatened) we should receive any more such communications, we know not how we can shew our disapprobation more strongly, than by printing them *verbatim*.

The piece signed "*No Irishman*," wont do.

The *Looker-on*'s observations on the present rage for loo, are very just, and the circumstances he details as *facts*, we see no reason to disbelieve; but as they bear too strong marks of personal allusion, he must excuse us for not making them public.

Tom Thoughtful came too late for this number.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A FATHER TO HIS SON.

Sweet prattler go, avert thine azure eye,
Least the fond starting of a father's tear,
Should teach thy tender nature how to sigh
For one too deeply, who is now so dear.

With playful fondness seize thy painted toys,
The fleeting hours beguile in sportive glee;
Go leave thy father to indulge those joys
He feels, my son, in still possessing thee.

Oh! may his heart ne'er beat with past alarms,
Nor heav'n recall the blessing which she gave
When pale exausted in a mother's arms,
My child was kindly rescued from the grave.

Her eye that watch'd amid the circling tear
Thy form enfeebled on her lap reclin'd,
Ere the large drop forsook its trembling sphere,
Announc'd the anguish of her tortur'd mind.

The fearful crisis of thy waited doom,
In still suspense already held thy breath;
'Till weeping mercy pleading at thy tomb,
The dart arrested in the grasp of death.

The purple current of life's healing vein,
With roseate bloom diffus'd its genial glow;
Like some nurs'd flow'ret on the trampled plain,
Again I saw pure health's carnation blow.

Precarious blossom of parental care,
Through rip'ning manhood be thy worth confess'd;
The foremost honours of thy country share,
By all admir'd, unenvied and caress'd. x.

SOLILOQUY

OF A LIBERTINE, ON THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION.

———Hark!
Methought 'twas nature's centinel, the cock,
Hailing the approach of dawn—What ideas crowd
On my distracted brain—Dark is my soul—
My heart, still does it flutter, but in vain;
It soon shall beat no more—This is the last fair morn
That nature hath in store for me, and it
Dawns prematurely.———Begone my fears,
Why should I shrink at death, since 'tis decreed
That all mankind shall die?—Why then tremble?
Hold! rather let me ask the reason why I should not?
'Tis a more proper question, if, as 'tis said,
That man must die, and after come to judgment,
Where ev'ry action meets its just reward.—Oh! 'tis that,
Strikes to my heart, and makes me more than coward.
No widow's prayers for me, were ever borne
On mornings fragrant breeze—No evening zephyrs
Ever wafted blessings from an infant's lips,
To heaven's high court—No tears of joy
By hoary fathers shed, shall ever plead
In my behalf.————No, wretch that I am!
Fathers and mothers, brothers, all shall rise
To curse the lawless libertine.—There shall I stand
In front of all creation—There must face
The victims of my power, cropt in the bloom of life
And deck'd in the white robes of martyr'd innocence.
But hark!——footsteps approach my cell—
My time is done!——Many will point, and say
There dies a villain! and I soon must know
The great realities of dark futurity.——
————————My eyes grow dim!
Mankind farewell,—Oh! grant a wretch your prayers.

SOLUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

Love thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care;
Tis enough that when it fell,
Thou its ruin didst not share.

Envy's censure, flatery's praise,
With unmov'd indifference view;
Learn to tread life's dangerous maze
With unerring virtue's clue.

Void of strong desire or fear,
Life's wide ocean trust no more;
Strive thy little bark to steer
With the tide and near the shore.

Thus prepar'd, thy short'ned sail,
Shall whene'er the winds encrease,
Seizing each propitious gale,
Waft thee to the port of peace.

Lines sent to a young Lady addicted to fashionable hours, with a Violet.

Did you but know when bath'd in dew,
How sweet this little violet grew
Amidst the thorny brake,
How fragrant blew the ambient air,
O'er beds of primroses so fair,
Your pillow you'd forsake.

Paler than the autumnal leaf,
Or the wan hue of pining grief,
The cheek of sloth shall grow;
Nor can cosmetic, wash or ball,
Nature's own favorite tint recall,
If once you let them go.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Let the loud thunder roll along the skies,
Clad in my virtue I the storm despise.
"Indeed!" cries Peter, "how your lot I bless,
"To be so shelter'd in so thin a dress!

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
COLE & HEWES,
192 MARKET-STREET, BACK OF BONSAL & NILES' BOOK-STORE.